American Women Missionaries and Pioneers Collection

Part 1: Missionaries

The Esther Morse Papers, 1921 – 1965

Series II

Diaries

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Diaries reproduced (typed copy),
September 5, 1930 – October 3, 1930

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Taxis again took us to the business part of the city. In many places we passed dwellings set close to the street--frame buildings & unpainted looking like shells where one could see into or thro' them. Going into the business districts, one saw shops opening directly on the street with wares exposed on tables or in showcases--usually the latter. Except for fruit and vegetables I saw no footstuffs exposed to the elements.

In the shops one can purchase anything from thread to washing machines, from pearls to electric toasters. General Motors, Buick, etc. are omnipresent! as is also Standard Oil!

In the better shopping district the buildings are rather modern --of concrete chiefly. The department store at which we stopped was in a modern 7-story building. The elevators & esculators were very modern--the stairways wide & of gray & white marble--the floors nicely arranged & spacious & light. The roof had a playground with modern slides & a sandbox for children (& well patronized, too); a covered pavillion where a large group of people were listening to the ballgame between the U. of Chicago team & a Japanese team--getting it play by play over the radio. The goods in the stores were attractively displayed, the salespeople courteous and the prices of wide range. The jewels were wonderful--the ready made garments lovely but the department where I could have lingered to feast my eyes was in the yard goods--beautiful, heavy colorful silks--plain & figured--jacquard & brocade as well as plain weaves--embroidered goods--gorgeous & rich. We did not stop to make any purchases however.

From the roof we had an excellent view of the city--Tokyo in every direction & as far as one could see!

We were all tired so started back to Yokohama & arrived at the Pres. Jackson about 5:00 P.M. After tea Mr. Muranaki felt he must go so we bade him good bye. We learned he had been married about a month ago & knowing he would accept no fee for his valued service to us we gave him instead ten yen as a wedding gift.

The boat was due to leave at 6:00 so we watched it pull out--serpentine & music accompanying it as in Seattle. We watched while we turned & headed out to sea thro' the breakwater. The moon was out and a stiff breeze blowing--a gorgeous nite. After dinner we came up for a while--things were nearly deserted--folks were just too tired to move. Finally, I dragged myself down to the cabin & tumbled into bed--so weary, so weary!

September 6.

All day we have been sailing in view of blue hazy hills--at times they have been rugged & plain. About 2:30 P.M. we began to have hills on both sides of us & in an hour could see the city of Kobe & the harbor. The hills around the city are all tree covered and are never the-less rugged & beautiful. About 5:30 PM we docked & soon thereafter Dr. Dunlap, Katherine & myself were on our way to the city. We walked up--quite a ways & it being so late the streets near the docks were almost deserted. As we came nearer the shopping district the streets became narrower & more filled with teeming humanity. Finally we entered a shop & the Doctor & Katherine were soon in the orgies of shopping. They did have some lovely silk Saori coats & wool coolie or 'happy' coats. Crystal, lacquer, prints, yard silk, pajamas, kimonas, etc. etc. might be obtained there. I just looked around. The sidewalk--if it can be so dignified--is very narrow & most every one walks in the street, which permits two autos to pass--with care!

The cars honk up & down & the pedestrians take their own sweet time in moving. One of the clerks in the store was curious as to my destination & I found he was a mission school product. Dr. Dunlap has bargained with these people enough to know how to beat them down' & apparently they expect it. Someway it makes me feel odd--rather hurt--to have to deal that way but I may learn it, too.

We came back to the boat for supper & took rickshaws back to the city. Found the French's & Mrs Gray down there & we all went on together. Mrs. Gray & Katherine seemed unable to pass by bargains. Noted many book shops--Japanese & English books--food stalls--rubber goods--paper & stationery shops--jewels--linen--rope--leather goods --auto supplies--electrical supplies--auto hearses with elaborate carved tops--china shops with exquisite china of all sorts--open air shows & vaudeville--bars--barber shops--beauty shops--groceries --restaurants--clubs--wares right out in the narrow streets in many places.

Went up to a Buddhist temple--closed except for the offering box in front where money could be left & prayers said. As we came away Art French made a very significant remark--"I'm beginning to see why I left home'--'The necessity for the Gospel.' Bless him!

We returned to the boat. Evelyn is rather blue & not a little homesick. These new & strange sights strike no answering chord in her --she isn't sure she believes in the necessity for evangelizing these people. They rather worry her. I'm sorry. She will need very special understanding, I'm thinking.

We saw a few Chinese in Kobe. I saw them & picked them out at once. Their faces made a definite appeal. They are my own people. I've been thinking of it much since. It was almost like seeing someone from home.

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So far there hasn't been any time for characterizations & I want to make a few. I'll take the guest list as a basis & go thro' it, indicating the persons whose names & faces I have learned.

Mr. Barlow--of Bellingham, Washington--a shoe man taking the voyage for his health--a well built man of 55, I'd say--graying a trifle--pleasant.

Miss Alice Bixby--in middle life, going to Japan after furlough--loves the Japanese & they love her--musical, sweet, humorous, friendly.

Mr & Mrs George Smith Brown--middle aged--dark eyes--inclined to be stout--mingle more with social element than others--home in London, England--bound for Hongkong.

Mr & Mrs Franklin Bruder--honeymooners from N.Y.C.--he is short & dark & vivid--she is small & blonde & pretty--a cute couple--in social group--bound for Shanghai.

Mr. Corvalho--big--blonde--fairly nice looking--in social group--bound for Shanghai--his home apparently.

Miss Coral Clark--large--gray--active--from N.Y.C. bound for Shanghai--a missionary under Board--Freda Clause was in same room with her at first & couldn't tolerate her because she has a glass eye she removes on retiring!

Miss Clause of Akron--Baptist--librarian--bound for Japan--tall-sallow --forced (or it often appeared so) vivacity--tendency to exaggerate emotions--sort of a 'chip on the shoulder' type but thoroly feminine. Rather nice looking.

Mr. & Mrs. Warren Cline & family of N.Y.C. bound for Shanghai & then north to Mukden or farther. He is a man of average height, slightly stocky, nice looking--makes me think of Carl Moyer. Mrs. Cline is small, slender, dark, quiet--his second wife & sister of the first wife. The children are not especially attractive but are well-behaved (much in their favor!).
Miss Olive Curry of Washington, Pa., bound for Nagasaki--has been on furlough--32 yrs--attractive--slender--sociable--good sport. Teaches in Womans College--music. Sweet voice but not strong.
Lt. Commander Davis & Mrs. Davis of Tionesta, Pa. He is very large --typical Pennsylvania Dutch--she is very petite & has light hair & brown eyes. They are in the social group entirely, tho' friendly to all. Bound for Shanghai.
Mr. Dixon of Manchester, England bound for Shanghai--large nose--Cockney accent--pleasant --says he has spent 3 yrs each in So. Africa, India & China & is now due for 3 yrs in Japan.
Dr. Dunlap has been described elsewhere--the mistrust I had of him is receding but I still feel to watch what I tell him.
Dr. de Fellner of Budapest, Hungary--large, beefy, mustached, reserved. His son--a fellow of about 25--sharp featured, with large dark glasses, quiet mostly but somewhat given to moods. Bound for Yokohama.
Mr. Fernandez--Filipino or Spaniard--short--olive skin--mustache--quiet.
Mr. Frank--dark--quite good looking--probably Jewish, in social group, bound for Yokohama from Portland, Oregon.
The Frenches--formerly described.
Mr & Mrs. Gladieux--Honeymooners from Toledo, O., bound for Tokyo to teach in American school. Are Episcopalian--he will teach History & she in the grades.
Mrs. J. M. Gray & daughter $2\frac{1}{2}$ Sheila--going from England to Shanghai where her husband awaits her. Pleasant--baby very sweet.
Miss Gueverra--Filipino--attractive--slender--with Mr. & Mrs. Roxas--Filipino political leader. Has been in Washington, D.C. for past year.
Miss Holtsman--dark--rather unattractive physically--but pleasant--going to Kobe to teach in Canadian Academy.
Mr. Hutchins--brother of president of U. of Chicago--associated with Yale in China--from Berea, Kentucky & bound for Shanghai. Attractive, blue gray eyes--dark wavy hair, pleasing face--agreeable to everyone but to no one too much!
Mr. & Mrs. Jones & family of Nanking & returning on furlough. He is blonde--has sharp features--reminds me of someone but can't figure out who it may be--she is short & dark & tends to be plump. Their baby is about two also. The boys seem to resemble him & the one girl is dark--has curls but her front teeth are out & she looks rather odd --tho' cute.
Rev. James Rearney of Seattle bound for Yokohama--priest--dark--small --ascetic looking. Interesting.
Miss Vera Kempston--blonde--plump--cute--from Toronto & bound for Canadian Academy at Kobe.
Mr. Lichanco--Filipino--slender, short--attractive.
Miss McKinnon--slender--dark--quiet--rather uninteresting but probably far from so inasmuch as she was born in China & is returning to work there. Her people are still in China tho' she has been in the states 6 years.
Rev. Magner--priest from Portland, Oregon bound to Yokohoma--tall--red hair--blue eyes--dark rimmed glasses--vigorous & virile in appearance..Hearty laugh. His eyes always follow the children when there are any around.

Miss McBee--middle-aged--teacher in Fuchow returning after 2 yr furlough.
Miss Mitchell--tall--grayhaired--well built--returning to Shanghai. Music teacher. Episcopalian.
Lt. Commander Morcott & Mrs. Morcott & family--from Newport, R.I. & bound for Shanghai. He is dark eyed & quite attractive--but not very deep, I judge. She is blonde, inclined to plumpness--neither are very tall. The children are spoiled youngsters--the boy burnette, the girl blonde & fat & freckled.
Mr. Charles Moy is an elderly Chinaman from Milwaukee, an importer --enroute to Canton with his daughter Mae. She is a cute little girl nearly thro' high school. Apparently, they have plenty of money.
Miss Needham--a Canadian from Toronto, going to the Canadian Academy in Kobe. Is a tall blonde--quiet--not very outstanding but pleasant & congenial.
Mr. & Mrs. Nelson--quiet people en route to Hongkong. He is blonde & she is brunette--one really sees but little of either of them. The children also play alone.
Mr & Mrs. Oliver & family--en route from Pasadena to Shanghai--English. He is tall & blonde & makes me think of Abram Underhill a lot. She is short & has piercing brown eyes--is very pleasant. The children are all nice--Lillian, about 17 or 18, is large, tendency to plumpness, wavy hair, blonde--likes one of the orchestra fellows--spends lots of time on the prow. John about 16--all boy. Ruth about 11 and Mary about 7. The latter is a fat little tomboy.
Mrs. Osias--Filipino--plump--attractive--nice voice--en route to Manila.
Miss Parsons--short, plump, dark, jolly--going to Tokyo from Lebanon, Pennsylvania.
Mr. & Mrs. Pettus of the Peking Union Language School--he is tall--
--has a dished face & blue eyes quiet but jolly. She is very petite--birdlike.
Miss Place--large, middle aged, grayhaired, jolly, en route from Portland Indiana to Japan.
Lt. Commander & Mrs Price en route from Seattle to Shanghai. He is tall, dark & fairly good looking--not so young any more. She is slender & dark--definitely social, too. The children are rather nice looking--the girl is very spoiled--she's about four or five--the baby is 7 months of age.
Miss Rice--returning to Shanghai--is sister of Mrs. Tappan in Hainan --is rather small--bobbed, graying hair--large blue eyes & glasses--a sort of lisp--entertaining, yet a trifle reserved. Feel we who are going to Hainan have been under close scrutiny.
Mr & Mrs Rocke & family. Both are blonde--he is short & stocky with blonde mustache-- won table golf tournament. She is very plump--acts rather 'high hat' but may only be reserved. The youngsters are both chunky blonde boys--look like him. Going to Manila. Seem to belong to social group, chiefly.
Mr. McDonell Roehm--going to Palempany, Dutch East Indies--tall, dark, quite nice looking--social group individual, apparently.
Hon. Manuel Roxas & wife--Filipino governmental dignitary en route to Manila from Washington, D.C. Mrs. Roxas plump & not well--looks tired.
Mr. & Mrs. Sandstrom--from Steubenville Ohio, bound for Hongkong. Both blonde, energetic, fairly attractive. Something 'hard' about them. Social group members.
Mrs. Schinazi--bound for Shanghai--rumor has it she has two children there--Russian--short & plump--dark--rather attractive--many lovely clothes--social group.

Miss Simons--from Ypsilanti to Yokohama. Rather plain but pleasant --has a very sweet soprano voice--clear & strong.
Miss Sweet--from Lewiston, Idaho to Tokyo to teach mathematics in American school. Blonde, attractive, pleasant to everyone--member equally of missionary & social groups. Able to look out for herself but not 'hard'.
Miss Thornton--from St. Louis, Mo. to Kobe to teach in Canadian Academy. Used to live in Kobe as child. Very attractive brunette --lovely eyes. Reminded me a little of Miss Abbott, nurse in W.C. Hospital--enjoyed her.
Mrs. Thurston--returning to Nanking. A large, graying haired, capable appearing, decisive woman--said to be the most intelligent & forceful American woman in China. I'm a bit in awe of her but rather like her.
Dr & Mrs. Warnshins--from N.Y.C. around the world in the interests of the International Missionary Council. He is tall & blue-eyed--quiet. She is also tall & blue eyed--rather talkative. I didn't get well acquainted with either so reserve judgment.
Mrs. J. C. White--a woman past middle age--rather hatchet-faced--pleasant, however.
Katherine White--daughter of above person--both en route to Yokohama from Chicago. An attractive girl--admirably built for maternity! Face in profile made me think of pictures of Cornelia--old Roman mother. Many lovely clothes--social group member.
Dr. & Mrs Clark H Yeager--en route from Wilkes Barre Pa. to Manila. Understand he is to do bacti research in the Islands. He is big--reminds me in his carriage of Dr. Geo. Robertson at the Uni Hospital 3 or so yrs ago, but his features faintly suggest Dr. Ray Morrish in Flint, Mich. His wife attracts me strongly. She is very tall & very slender--as tall as he, fully--has deep brown, laughing eyes and black, 'crinkley' wavy hair. She reminds me faintly of Lydia Robertson at Stuart. All in all, I think these two the most interesting persons aboard. Would like to know each of them better.

There are others aboard who are interesting but so far I haven't learned the names to associate with the faces!

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September 7.

My gift this AM was a necklace of blue beads & a blue brooch from Alice & A.C. Bless their hearts!

All day we have been sailing between islands large & small--thro' the Inland Sea. They look green & wooded mostly, but here & there their steep hillsides are terraced & the lighter green of other crops are seen. The farther hills are hazy & blue & even the nearer islands seem to have a haze hang over them.

Dr. Dunlop had charge of morning services & gave a talk about the Philippines--mentioned quite a few things where were new to me. After the service Art again insisted that a sermon with an evangelical message would have been better. Maybe. At any rate the message this A.M. was not without its value.

Slept about 3 hours & was dressing when Dr. Dunlap came down to say we had entered the straits. It was getting dusk when we came on deck. On either side--close--were islands and rugged hills. Trees --chiefly conifers--outlined against the light in the western sky, were clearly seen--and beautiful. At the foot of the hills, in little coves, were villages--in one place a wall had been built up to protect the village from the waves. The fishers were in--their vessels

anchored, at times near the shore--or farther out. Gradually ahead lights began to twinkle and on either side a city was spread along the sea and extended upward to the hills. As we threaded our way thro' the islands by the channel marked with red and green and white lights we drew away from the shadow of an island and the moon cast silvery beams across the water--first on our left, and as we progressed, next on our right. It was a beautiful sight and an impressive one. Beauty made of God--and beauty put to the use of man--in these channels and in the vessel which carries us thro'

A movie after dinner rather spoiled the effect of beauty which had preceded the dinner hour. Retired about 11:00.

September 8.

Occasional land & vessels seen today. Saw a school of dolphins this P.M.--power & beauty in their graceful leaping from the sea.

Pictures secured--know further limitation of my kodak but for most part they are good.

September 9.

Last nite was a lovely moonlit evening. Went on deck after dinner with Katherine. After a time her 'hero' came on the scene and I retired--to finish a letter to Dad--but didn't quite make it before sleep overcame me.

Early this A.M. was awakened by clattering of anchors & realized we were in Shanghai. Katherine got up & went on deck. Slept some more. Katherine & Lillian Oliver came down for a while & then went up again--and I slept again. Finally had a shower & breakfast & just after this was told the folks from the China Council were aboard & to come up & meet them. Had nothing but my dark dress to wear & knew it would be hot but bravely started out in the dark dress & hat. And was it hot!!

Met Mr. & Mrs. Wells, Miss Frame, Mr. Steiner & a Miss Carlson. There were several others who had come especially to meet Miss Rice but I don't recall their names.

Mr. Wells is Chairman of the China Council--a big, jolly, blonde man. Mrs. Wells is tall & slender, brown-eyed & pleasant. Both are about middle age. Mrs. Wells looks tired. Of course, we new missionaries were under considerable scrutiny from everyone.

Miss Frame is short--slightly inclined to plumpness, dark haired but blue eyed--very pleasant--has the faculty of making one feel very much at home.

Mr. Steiner is from Hoihow in Hainan--is short--blue eyed with flecks of brown--very pleasant but somewhat diffident. Think I'll like him a lot. He is said to be a very fine linguist.

We went ashore on the tender & went to the Missions Building--23 Yuen Ming Yuen. Met there Mr. Patton--Secretary of the China Council--a man of medium height--graying & seemed blonde--don't recall his eyes.

Mrs. Patton is an M.D. & medical advisor to the Council. She is very pleasant--saw her only a very brief while.

Met also a Miss Mitchell--tall & brown-eyed & attractive--whom the French's had previously known & a Mrs. Anthony--both of whom are to work in Yale-in-China--provided hostilities cease long enough in Changsha. Mrs. Anthony is very blonde & rather tall & decidedly sweet. Her husband has been at Changsha two years & she came out this year. He met her in Kobe & they were married & then came over

to Shanghai--she wasn't permitted to go up to Changsha so has been waiting in Shanghai while he went up. He was returning today via airplane to consult with Mr. Hutchins who arrived today via Pres. Jackson--relative to conditions in Changsha--and their work.

Dr. Dunlap & Mr. Wells worked out an itinerary for the sight-seeing and we started out about 9:30 in automobiles. Mr. Barlow, Mr. Riggs & Miss Howie had joined our group at the Council offices. We drove first along Nanking Road which later becomes the Bubbling Well Road. The shops were chiefly English--the signs and goods also English, tho' there were quite a few Chinese signs, too. The streets were fairly wide, paved, winding, having heavy traffic of motors, rickshas, bicycles & human drawn vehicles. There are not as many bicycles as one saw in Japan. The Chinese traffic officers wear blue shorts & jackets & dark spiral putts or hose. Besides these, at each traffic light--regular red & green stop & go bell systems--were tall bearded Sikhs in khaki turban, jacket & shorts & leggings. They all had either Sam Browne belts or pistols, or long guns swung over their shoulders.

Of the Europeans we saw--half the women had no stockings on. The men were mostly in duck & sun helmets or straw hats. The Chinese women were either in blue or black trousers & white blouses--or in colored dressed with high--very high collars. The former seemed to be the poorer class of women. The men's costumes might be anything! The better class seemed to wear the long light colored gown over their trousers or other clothes below. The laborers wore trousers--of sorts--with much indifference to shirts or coats. Many laborers & ricksha men wore no shoes--some wore sandals & others the low, heelless slipper which seems characteristic of the Chinese. The children, also, wore anything, or nothing. Many of the children's costumes seemed to consist of pants or trousers with open seats--that is, when they wore anything.

We stopped to see the Bubbling Well which gives the road its name --an open well six feet or so below surface of street with bubbles rising constantly to the surface of the dirty water. Across from this was an old Buddhist temple--and a sorry sight it was after the spotless one we had seen in Japan. Here the floor was stone--no restrictions about shoes--the altar dirty--strings of candles across the front of it and incense mounting steadily. Many children accompanied us in--another person, perhaps a guide, showed us all thro' the various parts of the temple--many rooms with many images--some indescribably ugly--a room full of ancestral tablets, etc. etc. It was interesting but more than ever a reason for 'leaving home'.

We drove thro' the campus of the McTierce School for girls--a Methodist school which has a lovely campus. Saw here a 'dragon' wall --i.e. the top of the wall was undulating as the curves of a dragon might be conceived to be.

The next stop was at a school for the blind--a privately run concern. School had not yet opened so we saw only a few people at work. Saw them making chairs, settees & baskets out of wicker & rattan--learned the difference between the parts of the rattan used. The flat stuff is the outer part of the rattan & the rounded part is cut from the center of the rattan. Much of the rattan they use comes from the Philippines. In this school also they make their own text books & publish a newspaper for the blind--print it all in Braille & have an output of over 50,000 pages per year. The pages of Braille are about the size of this one. [Copied from a 7" x 12" page.]

St. Mary's School--Episcopal--was pointed out to us but we didn't drive in. However we did drive in at St John's University--an Episcopal school & college. A very striking thing was the construction of the buildings after Chinese ideas of architecture. There were some lovely trees on the campus & the nicest lawns I saw anywhere in Shanghai. We saw the lawn being cut--a tiny donky was pulling the lawnmower--he was led by one person & another guided the mower. Mr Rigg took a picture of Mr Barlow at the handle of the mower! While on this campus we had a flat tire so while it was being fixed we had lots of time to see the campus. Classes were in session so we didn't go into any buildings except the new social hall & the chapel.

As we drove about we passed a Catholic mission & church--established by the French. They have a good observatory at the school & their weather reports are the authority along the coast. The girls' school turns out fine lace & the boys are trained in some mechanical art but I've forgotten what. It is to this school that Rev. Kearney & Rev. Magner were coming.

Then we passed the Community Church served by Rev. Luccock of the Presbyterian Board. It is said that 15 nationalities & 30 denominations worship there.

Across from this church is the American school to which Mr Steiner bro't his girl & some Bercovitz children a few days ago and to which Lillian Oliver & some of the Cline children will go.

Then we were taken to the Mary Farnham school for girls--used to be the South Gate School. It will celebrate its 70th anniversary soon & is thus one of the oldest Presbyterian girls schools in China. They are just building a new building--it is nearly done & is a very nice bit of work. This school accommodates girls from kindergarten to junior college & has about five hundred enrolled.

Just across from this we saw the boys school--must be Lowrie Institute, tho' I'm not too sure of its name. These buildings are chiefly architecture which has but very little of Chinese in it. The superintendent of the Mary Farnham school was a Miss Chang--Chinese --very charming and affable.

Near at hand was a Presbyterian church--or rather a church of the C.C.C.--Church of Christ in China--well kept up & served by a Chinese pastor. It is full every Sunday.

We were then taken to the Wells home at 11 Young Allen Court and after cleaning up a bit were given a most delightful lunch--American food, well served. The Sherbet and cake were so different from the variety served on the boat that it was most welcome. Mrs. Thurston, Miss Rice, Miss Frame, Dr Dunlap, The Frenches, Katherine & myself were the guests at this meal. The others had gone to the Navy Y.M.C.A. for lunch

Afterwards, we had a siesta--so long that Dr. Dunlap departed without us & he & the other group had an additional 2 hours of sightseeing that we might have appreciated but were most too weary to care about. We haven't yet learned not to weary at the multiplicity of new things which assail our senses--visual, auditory & olfactory!

When we did arise, tea was served--tea & sandwiches & cake. The cake was so fine that it does deserve special mention! Then the whole group went to the Missions Bldg. & we made our adieus to Miss Rice--secured two English-Mandarin double column New Testaments, for the French's & me, looked over the British legation which lies between the Missions Bldg& the water front. It looked very neat & tidy. It has a high stone wall about it & this--as did several other walls

seen from place to place--had broken glass embedded in the cement along the top--to discourage prowlers, I presume--even cats!

The French's went out to dine with Miss Mitchell & Mrs. Thurston took Katherine & me to show us some sights of the city. We went into a silk shop and saw some lovely silks--I can hardly restrain myself in such a place anyway, and there were so many beautiful & practical silks that I nearly succumbed & made a purchase. Then we went into an antique shop where china & pottery were the chief wares. The proprietor showed us some lovely rare things--two pieces of green pottery that are valued at $12,000 and $10,200 respectively--old, old pieces. Then we saw an old and exquisite Cloisonné vase--some delicate white jade, some ox-blood colored pottery, some grave figures--and so on. One could spend hours in such a place. The green pottery especially appealed to me. It is a color--and design --that 'grows on one'. Lovely, lovely things!

Thereafter we window shopped & finally took rickshas back to the Wells home. After freshening up a bit--Mr Wells told me a number of new & interesting things about Hainan & some of his experiences on his visits there. And, then a very nice dinner, beautifully served. I was horribly weary but had to try to keep awake. Mrs. Thurston & Miss Frame dined there, too. I think Miss Frame always does for she has a room there.

After dinner, we rather sat around until time to take us to the launch. We went after Mr & Mrs. French en route & thus saw some of the pretty lights of the city. The lights <u>are</u> very beautiful on Nanking Road and on some of the other streets.

I forgot one place we saw in the A.M.--Nantao Christian Institute. This was a building just completed to serve as Community center in surroundings least conducive to Christian work. It is in the heart of a thickly populated district and the work done is for men, women & children. It was one of the projects Dr Kepler has put over in China. The street approaching the Institute is narrow & the shops along the street are small & dirty and cluttered, not only with debris and possessions but with humanity. The children seemed to appreciate our passing & laughed & clapped their hands. Poor little children --all sorts of diseases--scalp & skin diseases especially were evident as we passed by. On casual glimpses, I would say we saw scabies, impetigo, measles, ringworn of scalp, possibly smallpox, furunculosis, etc. There are undoubtedly many other things I am not keen enough to diagnose.

In all this traveling about the city, my nose scarcely permitted me to forget we were in strange surroundings. Smells of strange comestibles, of decaying material, of excreta, of dirt in many forms, of stagnant water--I cannot analyze or describe the smells--but I note them!

We saw only a few water buffalo--or animals of any sort used for carrying burdens. Instead men--individually or collectively, pulled or pushed heavy loads--even tiny boys sometimes carried loads nearly as large as themselves.

On the way to the tender we saw men stretched out asleep on almost every safety zone where the street cars stop--and in any & every place where they would be unmolested--there are but few parks & no park benches for the unemployed here!

Some fences we saw were made of withes plaited together to form a dense wall Sometimes the tops are cut off even, or even left as long switches above the plaited design.

There are no flies or mosquitoes in the foreign quarter of Shanghai & no screens or mosquito bar. It seemed quite unusual but is testimony to sanitary engineering.

The water of the Yangtze is a saffron color--very queer looking stuff--probably loaded with microorganisms--and people bathe in it. Truly, their resistance & immunity prove their survival as that of the fittest.

We were all so tired on returning to the President Jackson that we tumbled into bed at once--and slept--despite the creaking and rumbling of loading cargo overhead.

September 10.

We awoke & went on deck to watch our way down river about 2:00 this A.M. There was a cool breeze coming up the river. Around us were vessels large & small. Along the shore ran a row of large bright lights. In places, behind these could be distinguished other rows of lights--but these were not constant. Way in the distance occasional lights would show up. As we progressed down river--slowly --we passed the riding lights of many vessels, small forests of spars, & masts and small boats moving upriver under the propulsion of man power at one oar. Gradually the lights back of the shore lights became more numerous and the clock on the building on the Bund was plainly visible. Dimly way in the background some red lights winked and snapped.

Above the skies were dark and sheet lightning flashed at long intervals--but no thunder reached us. At first a moon shone down and made all the water gleam and darken as it rippled by--then it was veiled and the shore lights became more bright. The Bund was passed--lights again became less frequent,--the air grew fresher-- our vessel picked up speed--and we came in for more sleep!

The day was quiet. There are so few people on board that the boat seems quite deserted. It was cloudy much of the day & rained some. Toward evening we saw a water spout--if was quite a ways off--but the long cloud extending down to the water was very definite & one could see a little of the water disturbed by it.

Had a long talk with Dr. Dunlap in evening--& enjoyed it quite a little. He is an interesting man and has had some interesting experiences--and one can confide much to him, but not too much! However, I like him much better than I did at first.

After the movie Kathrine, Art & Evelyn came up & we all went on the bridge deck for a while--& sang. It was a nice moonlighted night & sea, with occasional dark clouds scudding across the sky. And, warm!

September 11.

This has really been a lazy day--for me. Wrote a birthday letter to Dad & a brief account of the day in Shanghai to A.C. this A.M. This P.M. talked a long time to a Miss Cornman who has taught among the colored girls in Haarlen, N.Y. for the past ten years. She is quite interesting & very much devoted to the colored people. After tea Katherine & I came down & packed. She had most of her packing to do but accomplished a lot before dinner. After dinner she & Dr. Dunlap had a heart-to-heart--and I talked to the French's--perhaps too much. Then she & I sat & talked with Dr. Dunlap for a while longer.

We are making good time--have had the wind at the stern all day. There have been more white caps today than almost any day across. Has been sunny mostly & very warm--tho' the breeze is cool.

Katherine is having much trouble & pain with her tooth. Am afraid she will need to have it pulled.

September 12.

What a day of new impressions!--new people, new scenes, new beauties of nature.

Katherine slept but little--as I anticipated. We both arose early & went on deck. Saw a rocky coast line--mountains with clouds across the tops. While at breakfast we came closer and could see green hills thro' the portholes. So we went on deck & watched our approach into the harbor. Green rugged-looking hills--mountains on either side--the wash of surf at the base and smooth worn rocks--green, green hills, some shrubbery but few trees, at first. Occasional hillsides were dotted with white rocks which looked like sheep at a distance. Most of the visible rock had a reddish or saffron color. Ahead could be seen the narrow harbor entrance with the quiet water inside. Above this point & to the left as we went in we saw numerous buildings that had the aspect of military buildings--& learned later that a fortification commanded the entrance to the harbor. Just inside the harbor entrance--or so it seemed--on the left lay the Chinese city of Shankiwan. Ahead lay Hongkong.

In a relatively short time we were at the dock. On going to the gang plank we found Miss Moninger & Mr. Thomas & two sons of the Kachek mission & Mr. Burnside of Phillips House there to greet us. Katherine waited until her lady--Mrs. Adey--came for her. After making arrangements about the baggage we came ashore & took the bus to Phillips House. This is an institution maintained by Mr. Phillips --a 'faith' missionary--for missionaries. Rooms, meals, baggage transfers and similar accomodations may be secured & it is a big help to new persons, especially, tho' of value & benefit to everyone. Mr. Burnside who is in charge now while Mr. Phillips is away is a large, heavy man with brown eyes & a red moustache. Mrs. Burnside is blonde --fairly large but not heavy, affable--probably capable--but seems smug. They are both about 30 to 35, I should judge.

Mr. Thomas' two oldest sons look quite like him--blonde hair, large eyes--a sort of hazel in color & they are 10 & 11 I believe-- Daniel & David by name. They are quiet, nice-mannered children. We met Mrs. Thomas at Phillips House & I was very surprised when I saw her. Mr. Thomas is such a slender & rather small man that I was looking for a very small woman as his wife--and someway I had imagined she would be dark. Instead, she is fully as tall as her husband & looks larger because she is a well developed woman. She has very pretty blonde hair--bobbed--& has blue eyes. She is pleasant and I think I'm going to enjoy her very much. The other children are slender, too, and big-eyed. Jean is darker than the rest & Bobbie is very blonde & sweet. The baby, Richard, is three months old now & is sweet & cuddly--plump enough but not fat--and his eyes, too, seem awfully large.

Miss Moninger is a woman of about 35 or so--blue eyes, dark wavy hair, tendency to plumpness but with well-turned ankles & feet-- jolly & likeable.

In the afternoon she took the French's and me to the HongKong & Shanghai bank to have our funds deposited to our accounts there and to get some change in Hongkong currency. My small sum in gold increased when exchanged to this currency.

Then we went with Miss Moninger to her dentist & while waiting saw & chatted with Dr. Dunlap for a few moments. Then after some more "trotting around" we went to a tea-room and had lunch of sandwiches, cakes, coffee & ice-cream. Then Miss Moninger got a car & took us for a drive around the island.

How can I express the beauty of that ride!? I know I can't describe it step by step--mile by mile, but can mention some of the interesting facts. In a historical way,--the island was bare & rocky when it was ceded to the British--at the point of a bayonet--in 1842. The forests and roads, etc. which are here now are due to British ingenuity and stick-to-it-iveness and engineering. There are many trees clear to the peak of the island--all native to this part of the world tho' not to the island. Bushes, shrubs & flowers grow in profusion. There are some evergreens but not many. The roads are concrete chiefly--some macadam & some brick. The drainage of the hillsides & roads to prevent washing is very unobtrusive & yet seems to be adequate. The roads around the mountain are wonderfully built--hewn(?) out of the rock on the upper side & built up below--wide enough for passing cars--stone parapets in places--winding in and out and up & down in a lovely way--almost always in sight of the ocean or some of its bays and straits.

The city is built from the harbor directly up the hill. In looking at the houses from the harbor and counting the storeys from the sea level upward--one street above another--one can differentiate twenty storeys--i.e., it would be the equivalent of twenty if in one building. Above this, one sees houses built among the trees at varying levels, clear up to the peak. Most of these are of white or gray stone & stand out sharply against the green trees. The architecture here is different from any we had seen thus far--colonnades in front of all dwellings or places of business with verandas above for each storey. It gives the appearance of cloisters--and, at a distance, is rather stately. The private homes seem very spacious and pretty. Many of the buildings in the business area show their age and era by the high ceilings and old carved woodwork and fireplaces.

The streets in the business district & along the water front are quite wide. Some of the streets which lead up the mountain have the same characteristics, also. Others are narrow & paved. Some are only moderately wide & paved & steep & the sidewalks have series of steps the whole way across the street, leading from one cross street to another. Along these and the narrower side streets one sees the smaller Chinese shops, the food markets, flower markets, and so on.

Transportation is by man power chiefly--or rather, fairly largely. Rickshas are plentiful & are better kept than those in Shanghai. There are sedan chairs--especially for transport up the mountain side. Automobiles are plentiful and can reach most of the island. The cable or electric train takes one up & down to & from the Peak. The streetcars on the lower levels are narrow double-deckers--1st class on the upper deck.

There are quite a number of English & other schools at various points on the island--all pretty locations and nice buildings. St. Stephens for boys is rather isolated & has few trees about it as yet but is nicely located near the water & yet easily accessible to the city.

Most of the beaches one sees are rocky & steep--not really fit for bathing but in front of the Repulse Bay Hotel is a long sandy beach that looked as if it would be a joy. The hotel itself is a mammoth structure--in area rather than in height--but has a wonderful setting --mountains to the rear & the bay in front--surrounded by shrubs and flowers and velvet lawns.

We saw one golf course on the island--looked to be about 9 holes --occupied the whole of one level little valley.

Saw a polo ground, & a race track--for humans, not horses! & saw the public or municipal play grounds. The tennis courts were all full. They are all grass courts--of which I'd read but never seen. I think I'd like to learn to play on grass courts.

On the way around the island we saw several cemeteries--on steep hillsides--the graves with their stones arranged in rows on narrow terraces. There were a few large mausoleums but mostly the stones were not large. The old English cemetery is said to be very interesting--having many very interesting epitaphs on the stones and dating back to nearly a century ago.

It is said that the island has had periods of drouth & water shortage--or better, contamination of its supply in times past owing to heavy demand. So recently, a new reservoir has been built up in the mountains in a part of the island not inhabited to any extent as yet. The walls & base of the reservoir are the natural rock of the mountains and the concrete wall which confines the water accumulated therein is broad enough that it has the highway around the island running across it. The pumping station is near by but down in the valley below the concrete wall.

There are several forts on the island & in time of war the harbor can be controlled easily by these fortresses. The largest we saw on our tour of the island was near the buildings overlooking the harbor entrance & which we had noted when entering the harbor this morning. This fort looked to be of grey stone and concrete & quite passive & impregnable.

There was one area within the harbor mouth where part of the hill is being moved into the harbor. Unlike the similar procedure in Seattle the work is not done with steam shovels. The motive force is supplied chiefly by men & women--the rock of the hillside is broken and loosened and carried by men & women. In many places we saw women crushing rock--or carrying it in baskets at the ends of a bamboo pole over the shoulder. They carry sand & brick for construction work on buildings--mix cement & mortar--work in road & street building gangs--wherever men are used as laborers--women work also. The majority wear blue or black trousers & one piece jackets. They may or may not wear heel-less slippers or sandals. Many wear the woven hats which are pointed or cone-shaped and shellacked to keep out the rain. The Haka women wear a flat brimmed hat from which hangs a piece of cloth which partly obscures the face. They feel it is immodest to show the face.

At one place near a fishing village we saw a great number of fishing boats--sampans, etc. anchored in a bay which, at the time we saw it had practically no water in it. At high tide probably the boats are well afloat.

In the harbor near Shankiwan many junks were crowded close together in the most limited space possible. They, many of them, go out every day. Many have whole families aboard--even a cat with a collar around its neck tied to the boat. When liners come into harbor or are about to sail these junks--in varying numbers--range alongside the vessel & the occupants beg from the passengers. They have nets on long poles which are pushed up to catch the coins. Sometimes boys signify their willingness to dive for coins--and are remarkably dexterous in the recovery of them from the dirty water of the harbor. On one such junk we saw a gray haired old grandmother--wrinkled and toothless, begging with the rest. Many people beg--little children run along the streets after foreigners begging for coins--more of that was noted in Shanghai than in Hongkong, tho' here one little boy, perhaps five,

ragged & dirty came up, saying over & over, "No mama, no papa, no chow." Someone had evidently taught him this as an effective formula! In Shanghai saw a form of begging I hadn't seen before --tho' it wasn't unlike 'tag days' at home. A child came up &, from a basket on her arm, selected a flower & pinned it on ones coat. A coin was then expected & I've no doubt many were secured in that way.

There were several hospitals passed on our tour of the island. I understand the best hospitals are near or at the Peak--it being the quietest and coolest spot on the Island. The Matilda hospital, where missionaries usually go, is at the Peak,& service for missionaries is usually free. This hospital was built by a rich man who had come to the island, was taken ill & had no place or chance for adequate care. On his recovery he planned the Matilda just for such persons who might be ill & away from home.

There is much more might be said of the trip but time & space are short & ideas elude me now. We returned home--i.e., to Phillips House, & after a good supper visited with the Thomases & Miss Moninger on the veranda. Was so weary. Slept for the first time under mosquito nets.

September 13,

Went to HK rather early in A.M. & to Wing On's. Had learned I will need to shop for furniture--the French's will live in a furnished house for a time. My first purchases were essentials--a tin bath tub, a commode & a sun helmet, the latter being obtained at Whiteaway Laidlaws. Then I went with Miss M. to the Messageius Maritime offices to get her ticket to Shanghai & to the P.O. for stamps. After fruitless shopping for curtains & crepe goods we came back for lunch.

Inasmuch as we felt time would be short we went back at once to HK & to Wellington St. for furniture. Was glad for Miss M's presence--I couldn't have done anywhere such satisfactory shopping without her. She spoke a mixture of Hainanese & Haka & made herself understood to the Cantonese shopkeepers. After this we window shopped--looked in at many shops displaying carved ivory & jade articles. Saw some very lovely carved ivory balls one with another.

At 4:00 P.M. the Frenches & myself went to the President Jackson & had tea with Dr. Dunlap. Katherine & her friend Mrs. Kennedy-Skipton were there, too. Mrs. Skipton is a well built rather large woman of about 30--brown eyed & pleasant. Katherine has been having a splendid time with her. She had gone to a dentist & was having her tooth treated--& whatever was being done had affected her pupil on that side & it was widely dilated. Dr. Dunlap showed us the wicker furniture he had bo't & we saw that of Dr. Yeager. It was all pretty and some of it most comfortable. Before we went the French's & myself were taken to Dr Dunlap's room & he offered a prayer for us and our work. He seemed to want us all to stay until the Jackson sailed so we did and at six promptly she left the dock. It has been most interesting to have known him on this trip.

On our way back to the house we saw a basket ball game in progress out of doors. The participants all seemed to be Chinese.

We found a group of five or six persons at the house who are going to Java under some Pentecostal mission. One plays an accordian and they played & sang until late. I worked over my accounts & then to bed.

September 14.

It was raining a steady downpour this A.M. but Miss Moninger, Mr. Thomas, the French's, Miss Pike (who is a Presby. & came in yesterday) & myself ventured out to the Kowloon Union church. The service was much like any protestant service, tho' the pastor wore a bishop collar. He preached from Romans VIII--rather an expository sermon. His voice was good--subject to many cadences as he presented his subject.

After a siesta we decided to go to the Matilda hospital to see Miss MacDonald in spite of the rain. Mrs Thomas went with us. On the way to the ferry we saw the typhoon signal was up--an inverted cone. The rain seemed to increase in intensity as we ascended the Peak in the tram. The interest & beauty of such a ride was rather destroyed by the fog & rain as we were able to get only fleeting glimpses of the harbor or mountain side, either one. The verdure we could see in the ravines along the tramway was a rank overgrowth of many sorts of shrubs & plants. I must see it in nice weather sometime. The rickshas which took us to the Hospital wound in & out along various level of mountain road. The fog prevented our seeing much of the scenery & the wind & rain beat against us with fury in an almost level line. The hospital stands on a point which must be beautiful in nice weather. Today the wind & rain beat against the veranda windows & quite eliminated any possibility of vision of the out of doors. Miss MacDonald is a slender, big-eyed, slip of a thing --perhaps thirty-five. She is very pleasant & was excited by our presence & was quite talkative. I think she must be a lovely person to be around.

The ward she was in had about eight beds & was very spacious. Each bed had its mosquito netting and a bedspread of cream colored cotton with blue Japanese prints on it. The floors are of stone. I wish we could have gone thro' the hospital--perhaps, sometime.

The trip down the mountain was damper than ever--the storm seeming to have increased in fury. At the station we found Miss Forbes waiting for us. She is a good- sized girl of about 28 or 30 with brown eyes & auburn hair--pleasant & likely to improve with acquaintance tho' I certainly like her now.

The harbor was very rough when we came over & some of the smaller junks & sampans were being towed to the typhoon breakwater. We wondered where the Jackson was & how she was faring.

September 15.

Still raining. Miss Moninger had to go to HK anyway so she attended to my errands and I stayed here. In the P.M. Mrs Thomas and I ventured out & purchased some wicker furniture. I find I hate to pay for things in HK money as much as I did in US gold. My Pennsylvania Dutch stays on top! Wrote to Dad today.

Miss Moninger went aboard the Andre Leban this PM & will sail for Shanghai tomorrow.

Mrs French, Mrs Thomas & I talked for a while after supper while the menfolks went out. We had hoped to sail tomorrow but the rain has delayed matters considerably.

September 16.

And still it rains. Went HK in A.M. & made a few purchases. Typhoon over Hainan so we don't know when we will sail--are all anxious to go. It is so damp. Wish it would cease raining.

September 17.

Called steamer office at 9:30 and no news of sailing obtainable. So I went to write letters. Mr. Thomas & Mr. French went to HK. About 10:00 word came from steamer company that she would sail at 1:30 PM. Mrs. Thomas went at once to the rattan furniture company to order the furniture sent to the boat. Then we tried frantically to get the packing done. Miss Postman, who had come to visit Miss Schick, my roommate, volunteered to look after the baby and he seemed happy with her. Mr. Burnside said we simply couldn't make it but nevertheless had our things carried down as the packing was finished. He also called the steamer company & told them we couldn't get aboard with everything 'til 4:00 P.M. & they said they would wait! We waited for the return of Mr. Thomas & Mr. French and the wives of the aforementioned expressed themselves in no uncertain terms. About one o'clock the gentlemen arrived, leisurely and in ignorance of the turn of events. Mr. Thomas at once departed to get the automobile aboard. Mr. Burnside agreed to see that we got a launch and, fortunately, No I boy turned up then to get our baggage aboard.

And it rained and rained! There were 38 pieces of luggage--two truck loads--besides the hand luggage each of us, children included, carried & of which there must have been easily 15 or 16 pieces. Mrs. French carried the baby mostly--and he was so good, even tho' sleepy. We took taxis to the Kowloon pier & Mr. Burnside got a launch to take us to the ship--but there was no one who knew exactly where she was so we kept a lookout for names & after a time sighted the Gustav Diederichsen. It was about 3:00 when we came aboard. A little later Mr. Thomas arrived with the car & about 4:30 we set out on this last lap of the journey--by sea. Leaving the harbor we saw many of the islands lying to the south--green and pretty. The sea was quite smooth & the motion of the vessel wasn't particularly upsetting--until about 7:00 PM--at dinner. I didn't have to leave but felt I'd be better off if I did--so at the beginning of the meat course was excused and after I lay down felt quite good.

The officers of this vessel seem to be Danes and are pleasant & accomodating. The boys are Chinese, I think--Asiatics, at least. The cabins are small & accomodations are not like those on larger vessels but are not to be despised, as they could be much worse.

I am in a cabin with Miss Forbes. The beds are bunks built against the inner wall--one above the other. On the opposite side is a long settee with two closets at the side nearest the door. Between the bunks & the settee is a wash bowl with a cover over it serving as a table. There is no running water & the toilet facilities consist of a small porcelain vessel--becoming obsolete at home! --or the officer's toilet across the hall--available for 1st class passengers.

The dining room has one long table which will seat about ten. The food is all right but much meat is served. I am eating light, too!

The other white passengers are an Englishman and a fellow who may be English--I don't know--Mr. Frost & Mr. Davey. They are pleasant but seem to give the impression that we as a missionary group are a strange bunch of animals!

September 18.

And still it rains. Sighted Hainan about 9:00 AM--but we are far enough away that we probably won't reach port before mid-afternoon.

One of the pretty things of this voyage was the color of the islands & sea & sky last nite just about dusk. The nearer islands were a deep purplish color--just outlined against the sea--no objects other being distinguishable. The farther island were a lavendar--hazy and soft. In the sky were soft gray clouds against a changing lavendar background--with occasional rosy rays. The sea was a medium, living green with occasional flashes of silver--a lovely picture.

Later--Came in sight of Hoihow while at tiffin. Mr. Frost went out and reported we had made it while the tide was full whereat everyone rejoiced. Such a lot of new impressions! In the distance, a low, flat land with a cluster of buildings at one point--Miss Forbes & Mr. Thomas rather excitedly pointing out hospital and church--and so on--junks coming to our anchorage in mid-channel, with wide-set sails looking like big butterflies as they dipped and fluttered before the wind (we counted 25 of them). Then the shouts and gesticulations as the junks neared the steamer--the Chinese aboard evidently bargaining with the junk-owners about transportation ashore. When the people from the junks began to swarm aboard the uproar was deafening --each individual seemed to be shouting the advantages of his particular junk, or hotel he was representing with it.

We had been told there were several hundred Chinese aboard and when their luggage began to go over into the junks one could well believe it! There seemed little system and less care in the handling of it. Much of their luggage was in big baskets with coarse netting covering the top. Thro' this, articles of all sorts might be seen--several bright red enamelware basins were especially evident by the brilliance of their color. Wicker chests, this & that kind of suitcase or bag--I throw up my hands in failure to describe all the sorts of baggage. There was even a canary in a cage! The junks were crowded close against the vessel's side--and luggage bound for one vessel was carried over the others until its destination was reached. When they began to lower our trunks, etc., I was inside. After a bit Mr. French came in with a sick expression on his face, & said "They dropped one of our trunks." "Well, maybe it won't be badly damaged." "O, I'm not thinking of that. Suppose it hit someone!" And even after Mrs. French said it had split the side of the trunk he wasn't worried until after he learned no one was hurt. Another sidelight & commentary upon his character.

The customs men said they would take us ashore i.e.--the women & children so after some delay we went over the vessels side & into the customs junk--which is like any other, except cleaner. The cabin was small & stuffy so we all stayed outside even tho' it was a bit damp from spray chiefly.

I had never been in a sail boat before so I was quite alive to all impressions. The men who sailed the junk seemed to know their business for we made it to the dock sooner than some of the junks which had left the steamer earlier. The wind was used to the best advantage by repeated tacks back & forth. Much of the time we were sailing in water not much more than 3 or 4 feet deep. There are several sand spits out a ways and we learned these are very well out of water at low tide.

As we approached the city low, green flats--irregular, flat, little islands began to be evident & separate themselves from the background. Some of these islands had palm trees & dwellings on them--others were barren of trees. An old ruined fortification--the gray stone crumbling and overgrown with plants--occupied one. A lighthouse occupied another. The Standard Oil & Asiatic Petroleum

had storehouses on still another. The French consulate in Yellow stucco amid lovely green trees is also on an island. The Hoihow waterfront looks rather crowded & dingy.

We landed at last. Mr. French was carrying the baby & she was rather the center of interest, for a group of Chinese followed & surrounded her, chattering and pointing to the baby.

At the outer gate of the custom house Mrs. Steiner met us--a big, hearty, comfortable-looking soul. As we were getting into rickshas Dr. Bercovitz came--he is tall and very dark--seemed extremely pleasant. We went to Dr Bercovitz' home & there met Dr. & Mrs. Seaton & their youngsters, Roland & Wallace, Mrs. Bercovitz and John & Peter, Mrs Tappan with Stanton & Ruth Byrd, Miss McCreery & Betty Steiner. It seems there were more, but maybe not--everyone was talking all at once and exclaiming over the children and the baby. Then Miss McCreery & Miss Forbes took us over to their house--pleasant, large, simply furnished rooms. Then, we went to Mrs Steiner's house --in which I felt at once at home. Then Dr. Bercovitz came to take the Frenches & myself to Kiungchow. After some delay we started-- and it was raining again. Mr. McGinnis--the young man of missionary parents, who is teaching in the boys school in Kiungchow also came along.

The soil is a sort of reddish-yellow--a lava rock decomposition product, I'm told. The roads are bright colored, therefore. The way to Kiungchow leads between rich fields for a way & then thro' an old Chinese cemetery. This seems to extend over acres of ground-- grass grown hummocks of soil of varying sizes. Some of the graves were partially exposed along the road embankment. (The road was laid out thro' the cemetery by order of some military official during time of war else it probably had not gone directly thro' such sacred ground.) Kiungchow used to be a walled city. Part of the wall still stands but most of the outer stone facing on the wall has been carried away except at the city gates. The part of the wall that remains seems to consist of stones and soil together with vegetation spreading over the sides of the wall & along the top. The mission compounds are enclosed within walls, too, but not as high as the old city wall.

Arrived at the mission we met Mr. & Mrs. Campbell, Miss Skinner and Miss Chapin. The French's were to stay with the Campbells and I came to the girls' school compound with Miss Skinner & Miss Chapin. I was so weary, but a good meal made me feel better. The most gratifying thing was the hot bath and I retired about 9:00 PM.

September 19.

Last nite I was too weary to write more. The house in which Miss Skinner & Miss Chapin live is large--the rooms and large with high ceilings. The furnishings are comfortable and homelike. Across is the girls' building. We could hear them studying aloud and see them at their desks, Their hours are as follows--Calisthenics--6:30, Prayers--7:00, Breakfast--7:30, Classes 8:00 12:00. Lunch 12:00. Classes 1:10--3:45. Study 7:30 9:00. A rigorous routine, yet there are some who are in their seats studying even before 6:00 AM. The high school girls range in age from 13 to 20. As I saw them this AM they are nice looking and clean--some in blouse and skirts, some in blouse & trousers, some with long hair, some with bobbed hair--many with bangs. They laugh and joke as any one of their age. There is

a school for small boys, too--I have heard less about them. There are nearly a hundred girls in the school--only a few of whom are Christian. This girls school has been closed for several years & in the meantime the former students have scattered.

This morning I awoke to hear their voices studying--even as I had gone to sleep to that sound. Then I heard them sing 'Onward Christian Soldiers" at prayers and later a song to the tune of "Glory to His Name.' This was told was a song for the Hainanese and for their acceptance of Christ.

Later, while in class the response of the pupils to their teacher sounded like a college cheer leader and the response of his group.

And still it rains!

Much later--Went to Hoihow with Mr. Campbell by bus. This is a fairly rapid means of transportation but not the easiest. The bus looks like an ordinary grocery delivery wagon on a Ford chassis with seats running along the side. It will comfortably accomodate about 10 passengers--more + their luggage often ride. The rear is open & whoever sits near the end gets the effect in full of the mud gone thro'. I sat at the end! The car drives quite rapidly, hitting many bumps and mudholes & honking rickshas & foot travelers out of the way.

Arrived at the compound I waited at the Bercovitz home, talking to Dr. & Mrs. Seaton 'til a note came from the hospital for me to come over. Mrs. Seaton & I went over & Miss Forbes showed us thro' the hospital. Of course, Miss Forbes & the various doctors and their wives and everyone else had assured me I would be shocked at what I saw--that the hospital was far from modern, etc. I don't know what I expected but certainly I wasn't as surprised as I had anticipated from all the warnings given. The hospital is old & inconvenient--true--but it is clean and, as nearly as may be, patients are adequately cared for. The thing that did distress me was the number of relatives 'sticking around'--but that always has been a thorn in my flesh. The beds are low & of wood, chiefly--tho' being replaced by iron as much as can be. There are no springs or mattresses except in occasional private rooms--mostly flat boards with a matting spread on it. The babies sleep on the same bed with the mother. The pillows are chiefly blocks of wood. There is a place for bathing the babies separately and other care is given chiefly at the bedside.

The old operating room isn't bad--tho' the lighting is poor. The one they are just finishing is nice & light--has six windows & a skylight, Canton marble wainscoting (not the right word but it must do) & a terrazo floor. It will be very nice when completed.

The laboratory is quite complete & is presided over by a lad who has had some work at P.U.M.C. The O.P.D. is crowded but otherwise seems quite satisfactory--so far as I could discern from just watching it. Met many of the Chinese workers around the place but while I remember a few faces--names as yet mean nothing.

Had lunch at the Bercovitz home--very enjoyable, but was glad to get back to the hospital. Dr. Bercovitz & Dr Seaton operated on a woman of 30 who had an abdominal tumor mass of about a year's duration & a pregnancy complicating it. The mass was huge & was causing edema and dyspnea & it was evident pt. could not go on this way much longer. Preoperative diagnosis--Ovarian cyst complicating pregnancy. The pt. was given routine pre-op narcotics plus luminal and abdomen opened

below umbilicus under novacain anesthesia. Wall of cyst presented at wound & no adhesions were noted. Tracor introduced & over 10 gallons of an opalescent fluid removed. Pt's condition continuing good, chloroform was given, incision enlarged & tumor mass (cyst wall, rather) was removed together with fimbriated end of left tube. Wound closed & pt. moved to bed in good condition. Pt's are moved to & from OK by means of canvas stretchers in hands of carriers.

The next op. was on a young girl with a suppurative process at knee--was found just under fascia & not involving joint--opened widely & drain inserted.

The third case was a man with bullet in knee. Had X-ray of joint. Two wounds lateral aspect of left knee. Some native doctor had been tampering with knee since seen by Dr Bercovitz. Considerable infection present--wounds enlarged and joint explored. Not able to find bullet. Drains put in & pt. sent to bed. To have another Xray & further exploration later.

Technique in OR is good--not up to highest standard, it is true, but in view of mechanical handicaps of space & equipment, not to be criticized to any extent.

In general--considering hospitals I have seen elsewhere the work here is comparable to that done elsewhere, tho' the deficiences must be a sore trial to the workers at times.

After this, we went over to the Bercovitz home where tea was being served. Got in in time to hear Mrs Thomas & Mrs Seaton & the others all 'going on' about the actions of Helen Morley en route to Canton. Mrs. French asked if I remembered her from Conference & she asked if I knew the tale and then she & the Thomases were dumfounded that Dr. Dunlap had known about it for they had said nothing about it while in Shanghai. But how she was picked to pieces!

Mrs. Bercovitz said I had fairly sat on the edge of my chair to be off to the hospital after lunch. I hadn't noticed but suppose I was eager to get over. At any rate I enjoyed the day.

Dr. Bercovitz bro't me over to Kiungchow after tea--& the Frenches, too. After a quiet supper was glad to have a hot bath & go to bed.

September 20.

Had intended just being quiet but Miss Chapin had to go to Hoihow to see the doctor & Miss Skinner wanted to see the Thomases so I went along with them. We had to wait quite a while for a bus & saw two bus loads of soldiers go by meanwhile. They are a queer looking lot. Their uniform is blue with little blue caps with black visors. Their trousers are the omnipresent shorts! Their shoes are tennis shoes dved & most seem to have faded to a sickly blue-green

Arrived in Hoihow we saw Mrs. Bercovitz & Mrs. Seaton. Then we went over and visited with Mrs Thomas a bit & I got my little suitcase to bring with me. Then we saw Mrs. Tappan & I delivered the letter from Miss Rice. She asked me to dinner but as I wasn't sure I'd be in the city that long I felt constrained to refuse. We went on over to the hospital & while there Dr. Bercovitz asked me to stay so did & Miss McCreery sent a note to Mrs. Tappan about my staying for lunch. Was feeling a bit weary then. We went to the nurse's home & cleaned up for dinner. No wonder their uniforms don't look wrinkled--they change out of them for each meal. Mrs Tappan had a lovely lunch prepared and is a gracious hostess. Her children are nicely behaved youngsters, too. Stanton looked & looked at me as if he couldn't believe I was real! After dinner Dr. Bercovitz came over

to know what she had heard about his youngsters in Shanghai--he had heard they had been invited out but they hadn't written him a word about it--and **he** wasn't worried but extremely curious.

About 2:00 P.M. Dr. Bercovitz operated on an eye case--child of between 3 & 4 who had a sarcoma or glioma of left eye--duration of protrusion 3 months(?)--size of small baseball, pressing on nostril & lip, supperating & foul. He did a very nice dissection & removal --cleaned out entire orbit. Unable to tell if growth had extended into cranium.

Then Miss McCreery & I accompanied Dr. Bercovitz over to Dr. Chue's hospital--Hainan Hospital. It is financed & was built by the business men of Hoihow. Is a nice 2-storey brick building in two wings--is modern in almost every respect--has a lovely OR & an delivery room--showers--sterilizers--iron beds--laboratory--clinic rooms --etc. The kitchen & laundry are old Chinese style still. He is trying to make a truly modern hospital out of it. Has a nurses training class with several graduate nurses in charge. He is an interesting man--a mission school product who has worked his way, quite largely. Had his medical education in Yale-in-China & in P.U.M.C. The blot on his 'scutcheon is his divorce from his wife--a marriage arranged in his youth. His work will be of definite value to the city & ultimately to the Presbyterian hospital, as he, a Chinese, trains the Chinese what to expect & how to act in a well-conducted hospital.

And his assistant--Dr Lee--E.E.U.& T. man--U. of Michigan graduate & A.O.A.--seems a very fine & able man. Liked him really better than Dr. Chue. As yet tho', the hospital is not making expenses.

Soon after returning to our compound Dr. Bercovitz made ready to take me back to Kiungchow. Dr Seaton & his boys & Mrs. B. & Peter went along for the ride.

Am very weary. No letters written again today.

September 21.

Still rainy. Breakfast at 7:30 as usual. Was able to read & write a little before church. Went to church at 10:30. The whole service was in Hainanese. Recognized the Doxology & Gloria & the hymn tunes but that was about all. It was an interesting service & sermon tho'. One could get the earnestness of the pastor even tho' the words were not intelligible to me. Sunday School followed close on the heels of the church service. Miss Chapin & Miss Skinner had classes to teach but Mrs. Campbell told Mrs. French & me about some of the women. Four or five had come six or eight miles to the service walking thro' the rain. They were most intent & earnest. There were about 2/3 of each the boy's & girls' schools in attendance. I wasn't a bit sleepy in the service.

We were all at Campbills for dinner. One of the servants from this household helped serve. It was a good & plentiful & enjoyable meal. Afterwards Mrs. Campbell & Miss Skinner went to a meeting in the city & Miss Chapin & I came back to rest until 3:30 when we were to go to Hoihow for a mission group meeting. I couldn't sleep but felt very restless--did rest perhaps a trifle.

A bus came to the compound gate for us and took us out the shorter way to the highway. It was a rough and muddy way, too. Inasmuch as there were no other passengers than our party the bus driver took us directly to the mission gate--for a very slight consideration more.

Arrived in the Bercovitz home I felt as much out of place--more--than ever. The group assembled & Dr Seaton led the service--a song service chiefly & we sang old songs & hymns. I felt more & more alone & depressed & when "Abide with Me" was begun I could not keep the

tears back. I tried to restrain myself thro' 2 more songs & then did leave the room & couldn't go back at all--couldn't seem to stop crying. Have tried to analyze my feelings--it wasn't nostalgia as generally recognized for the folks at home scarcely entered my mind. I think there was some inferiority feelings, some sense of isolation, & some depression which I haven't classified. At any rate, the flood descended. Finally, as I was bravely trying to go to the house Miss McCreery came out & took me under her wing. After I had cried some more & had washed and cleaned & powdered up we started back & fortunately Mr. Tappan came then & the whole group came & greetings were general & casual & I was able to ease off my feelings in the general rejoicing over Mr. Tappan's presence. Then Dr. Bercovitz 'rounded us up' to take us back to Kiungchow as it was getting dark. Mr. McGinnis & the French's & myself had to sit in the back seat & I saw the scheme arise in the French's minds that McGinnis & I were to be someway paired off together! Why must folks do it?

September 22.

Awoke early--restless again. Still raining. Found out our language study begins tomorrow. Wrote letters all A.M. About 2:30 Mrs. French came over & asked me over to the other house--to go walking after 3:00 when Mr. McGinnis came home from school. We started for the pagoda east of here. It was a bit muddy in places. Most of the way was thro' the old cemetery & it was most interesting. All thro' the cemetery wherever there were no mounds there were fields--little patches no larger than good sized garden patches at home. There were some fields covered with sweet potato plants--others plowed & furrowed ready for a crop as soon as the rains should cease. In some fields were various sorts of vegetables--tuberous varieties chiefly--some had a grass-like crop--which looked much like rice. At intervals were heaps of 'night soil'--ready for use as fertilizer. In the little hollows & gulches among the groves were trees & shrubs--varieties as yet undetermined. Some cattle grazed among the graves--most of them seemed sleek & well-cared-for--a tawny or dark red color being most often noted. Sometimes a child or an old man seemed to be herding one or two head of such livestock. These cattle have humps on the shoulders--the hump being most pronounced in the darker colored cattle. Some are picketed with ropes--to a tombstone or bush.

The tombs or grave mounds vary in size from small mounds to those six or more feet high. The majority are round or cone shaped. Some have circular heaps of earth--a sort of moat around them. Others have stone altars before them--where these are found they seem to consist of a rather oblong carved stone & two vase-shaped stones on either side. If these altars are found in association with the circular moat they are placed at the opening of this outer earth mound. Some of the mounds have little umbrella-shaped pieces of earth topping off the mound--probably a special appeal to the gods! Occasionally an oblong mound occurs--probably a whole family interred at once. There are a good many slabs of stone with either red or black inscriptions at the side of the mounds but far from all are so marked.

Were unable to get clear to the pagoda because of the water--rice fields--intervening. It is a rather tall structure of gray stone. On its top and each balustrade grass & shrubs are growing--giving it a bushy appearance.

We saw a kingfisher, blackbirds & a heron--a rhinoceros beetle--and many dogs!

It was an enjoyable walk--was tired on our return.

September 23.

I think there are several things I haven't mentioned--but which I've noticed at one time or another.

In various harbors we have seen sampans manipulated by one oar at the stern. It was a puzzle for a time how these propelled the boat along, but it must be on the same principle that the tail fin of a fish propels the fish. The person at the oar seemed to move the oar in short rapid strokes--curious!

We have had to get used to folks staring--everywhere people look at us curiously, point their fingers, laugh & comment, call after us, and so on. It was rather hard at first but is becoming less annoying.

The rickshaws in Japan & in Hongkong seem in the best state of repair. Those in Shanghai & here in Hainan look awfully dirty and ready to fall to pieces. The usual rate of fare in HK was 10 cents for ten minutes. Here it is about the same.

The hogs here in Hainan are odd creatures--all of them even the very young, are extremely swaybacked. They are a drab tawny color above & white below, the line of demarcation being fairly well up on the animal's sides. They are everywhere & seem quite fat. Are carried to market in baskets hung from a pole. The smaller ones can fit into the baskets in a horizontal position but the larger ones are carried in an upright position & the basket fits tightly about them. I wonder how they got them in!

September 26.

Spent PM & evening of 24th with Misses McCreery & Forbes in Hoihow. They have a nice bungalow there. Their furniture is nice--too--much of it of dark stained teakwood. The refectory table in their long living-dining room quite makes the room. The brass candlesticks and trays and bowls and desk blotter corners and book-ends aroused my admiration greatly. Think I'd like to get some for Ruth if I can afford it.

Miss Forbes criticized my letter to the Gang at Flint & passed it as Okeh. Was afraid I might be saying too much.

Dr. Bercovitz bro't over the Medical Report of the United Fruit Company for me to read. The more I see of that man the better I like him--tho' there is something in him I haven't quite made a decision about, yet.

The next A.M. I had a brief visit with the Thomas family & Mrs. Steiner before I went to the hospital. The Steiner home is hospitable & liveable but Mrs. Steiner needs further knowing, too! At the hospital I sat in the Clinic & looked and listened. It is very noisy but is busy & patients pay what they can. Was able to understand a couple of words!

Had lunch with Mrs. Tappan. She's a dangerous person for me to be with. Her geniality and questions loose my tongue & before I know it I've said more than I intended! Had a nice meal and a nice visit. Think Mrs. Tappan will wear well.

Intended to come back on the bus about 3:00 but when I got to the hospital Mrs. French had come in & said Miss Skinner & Mrs. Campbell were coming, too. So I went to town with Miss McCreery, instead. Found where some of the dry-goods stores are. They have lots of goods but only the showy things are displayed--one has to ask for the quieter colors.

I think I must be getting used to the odd sights because they make so little lasting impression now. I do marvel at the clothes tho'. Little girls in trousers & jackets--dirty & barefoot--hair bobbed or

braided & tied with bright string or even shaved off except for a tiny braid on one side. Little boys with shorts or long open trousers--some with blouses & some without--heads shaved entirely or all but a forelock on the crown--or one side. Scars where no hair grows is seen on half the youngsters heads. Many youngsters have decayedteeth --the first set sometimes. Many adults have many gold crowns & fillings. The youngsters play around happily enough but sight of a foreigner brings swarms of them out.

Another thing that is ceasing to be a curiosity is the way everyone rings coins before accepting them. It is a necessity, I judge, and is a universal practice.

The people buy infinitesimal quantities of supplies at a time--enough starch for one washing--enough kerosene for one night's supply --etc. It is rather nauseating at times to see men or women going down the street with a bit of meat tied up with a string only--such tiny scraps of meat--& never wrapped up. The only things which seem to be protected are the books--every child or school boy has a book bag or basket of some sort.

September 29.

On Friday nite Miss Skinner & Miss Chapin had the Campbells, the French's & Mr McGinnis over for supper. It was a lovely meal--roast duck, 'round 'tater,' gravy, dressing, peas, hot rolls (delicious!) salad & dessert--and coffee. Had a very enjoyable time all evening. Mrs. Campbell watches me so, it is rather disconcerting. I sort of feel she doesn't approve of me. Well, I don't myself, sometimes!

Saturday afternoon the girls of the school gave an entertainment to welcome Miss Tu, their new principal. We were all invited, too. The program was held in the assembly hall--one of the oldest buildings in the compound. The master--or mistress--of ceremonies was one of the upper class girls--a cute, dimpled, giggly child who was manifestly embarrassed by her responsibility. After a song and a ritualistic honoring of Dr Sun Yat Sen, this girl gave the address of welcome. Miss Tu responded nicely. She is a lovely girl--tall, for a Chinese, slender, attractive, speaking English easily--she is a good person to have at the head of the school. Then Miss Chapin, Miss Skinner, Mrs. Campbell, Mr. Lee, Mr. Wang, another Chinese whose name I don't know, Mr. McGinnis & Mr French were all called on. After the speeches for an hour or so games were played. Some of the girls were shy and wouldn't play & all were more or less conscious of our watching them but they did laugh and shout and clap at the games & seem to enjoy them thoroly. The little boys were so good all the time. Some of them are very cute kids--round cropped heads, solemn faces--or else grinning toothless gums! Some of them are quite pale in color --others are very dark. They do not look alike but have individuality and personality. Most of the boys were in gray uniform-cut suits. The girls wore jackets & skirts. About 2/3 of the girls have bobbed hair & look nice with it cut, too. They are responsive to a smile in a very large measure.

Tea & cakes were served & the guests & faculty got icecream, too. The tea wasn't very strong & the cups were refilled constantly. The cakes were of several varieties-- a cupcake with fruit & nut centers, coconut tarts, pastry shells filled with cornstarch paste & a steamed dainty (served hot) consisting of a highly spiced, mincemeat-like material in a dough jacket. The youngsters had as much of all these as they could eat & seemed to enjoy it all.

Rain began again that P.M., & accompanied by much wind, persisted all nite long. Sunday was cloudy in the AM but the P.M. was nice. Went to church but found my mind wandering more than usual. Mr. & Mrs. French had gone to Hoihow to see & have lunch with Mrs. Tappan.

Slept & read & wrote letters in the PM.

Today--Monday--has been lovely--some breeze but no rain and considerable sun.

Am getting weary of inaction. I want to get to Kachek.

Went down to Kiungchow with the Ku-niangs this PM. Saw the new jail & its massive walls. We got there just as the guard was being changed. The guards who came to relieve did not have their guns or ammunition belts but put on & took over those of the retiring guard. Some prisoners were visible thro' the gates--wandering about the yard --their legs fastened together with stout chains permitting only a limited step.

Some of the shops are quite nice--especially the bookshops we saw. One can get almost as many adjuncts to writing or to school work in such stores as in any at home.

There was a group of children about us all the time. Saw one boy with a definite cyanosis so that he looked quite black. Would have enjoyed listening to his heart.

There are pony carts that ply along the road between the compounds. These carts are rickety fourwheel affairs carrying four passengers & the driver. The ponies are small, skinny shaggy animals--about the size of the small variety of Shetland's. The carts when loaded are cruel loads for the little beasts and the driver often beats them severely. Was interested & surprised to note that the ponies are chiefly all stallions--I wonder why? Perhaps they'd never have enough vitality if they weren't.

Have noted--in this line--that many of the cattle around here--picketed out, etc. are bulls; have seen but few cows. Am told the milk supply of these cows is extremely limited, too.

Saw a bunch of recruits being whipped into shape as we came home. They had several machine guns out for show, if nothing else.

October 3rd.

We were invited to Mrs. Steiner's on the 30th of September for dinner in the evening. On that day which was bright and warm and cloudless--Dr Bercovitz & Mr. Thomas started for Kachek & took Mr. French along. He was glad to get away. Mrs. French & Mrs. Campbell went down to Hoihow very soon after lunch but I didn't want to go too soon for it would mean no rest and a long tiring day. So I rested til after 3:00 when Mr. McGinnis came and we went down together. We stopped at Mrs. Bercovitz' & had tea. Mrs. Campbell & Evelyn were there. Then we went over to Steiner's & visited there until Mrs. Thomas was ready & then went to call on Mrs. Appleton, the harbor-master's wife. That is--most everyone visited--had little to say myself--so little that Mrs Tappan commented on it.

Mrs. Appleton is French & her husband English. Both are dark. She is short & not very pretty but very pleasant. Their house is filled with lots of little things, vases & figures and trays, etc. made of shells & other war articles & objects--and many Chinese articles. the cushions and lacquered articles all carried out the same color scheme of black & orange. The room was pretty but too cluttered with objects to please me much. I understand some of the things had been given by General Wang who has done so much for the island. And while on this subject, I want to put myself on record (tho' my mind & opinions may change later) that I do not approve of the admixture of